

"SCIENCE, FALSELY SO-CALLED"

BY JEANNETTE ROBINSON MURPHY

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The hour is here, when Christian men,
With virile voice and power of pen,
Must, in the Church and School again,
Defend the Word of God,
 From cowardly attack.
And enemies, whose ancestry,
Dates proudly back to pure MONKEY,
Will soon be wishing they might be,
Beneath the silent sod,
 Whence they could not come back.

These "Modernists" all love to cry,—
"You're narrow!" This, we don't deny,
We'd not be "broad," I'll tell you why:
Christ showed the rightful path,
 So we'll obey our Lord.
We much prefer the "narrow" way,
Which leads to Him and endless Day,
While those who're "broad," alas! must stay,
Down, where no sinner hath
 A chance to hear God's Word!

If transformations once took place,
From tadpoles to the human race,
I'd ask these "critics" to their face,
"Why don't they happen again?
 This keeps us quite perplexed.
As we've arrived, by process slow,
Through slime and mud from long ago,
(Though how 'twas done, you can not show!
And reached the stage of MAN,
 Pray, *where do we go next?*"

Discoveries new, in Science true,
Confirm the Book to me and you,
Geology, Astronomy too,
Sets forth to wondering men,
 That all of Truth lies there.
Verse two of Genesis doth show,—*
That God this world did overthrow,
And countless ages sped, you know,
Before 'twas made again,
 Complete and "good" and fair.

One Agassiz was truly great,
He knew race-history, up to date,
He could not harbour in his pate,
These EVOLUTION LAWS,
 He always used *his* brain.
And Pasteur said, before he went,
"I've found, through years of study spent,
A creature's birth has always meant,
Two parents were the cause,"
 Pasteur, you see, was sane.

"Spontaneous generation," too,
Was something he could not see through,
He laughed at those who b'lieved it true,
Alas! that he lies dead,
 A crown is on his brow.
His faith in God, the greater grew,
The more he read the Bible through;
He loved the Scriptures, old and new,
Like peasant, so he said,—
 Pasteur, you're needed now!

*—The Hebrew verb-form should read, "*became* without form and void," according to I. M. Haldeman, D. D., of New York City.

(Written December 20, 1923)